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The Song Of Wandering Aengus

Wm. Butler Yeats

I went out to the hazel - wood
Because a fire was in my head
Cut and peeled a hazel - wand
Tied a berry to a thread
And when white moths were on the wing
And moth - white stars were flickering out
I dropped the berry in a stream
And caught a little silver trout...

I had but laid it on the bank
And gone to blow the fire a-flame
Something rustled in the air
Something called me by my name!
It had become a glimmering Girl
With apple - blossom in her hair
Who called me by my name, and ran
And vanished in the brightening air...

Though I am old, with wandering
Thru hilly lands, and hollow lands;
I'll find out where she has gone
To seek her lips, to take her hands-
And walk through long green dappled grass;
To pluck 'til Time, and times are done:
The Silver Apples of the Moon;
The Golden Apples of the Sun...

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